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But example, just and pure. For, to shelter from the tempests Sin's dark clouds would east round each Cender flower of your protection, You must practice what you preach. eachers, if throughout your duties, Not by words, but by your actions,

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Original Story.

BERKELEY HALL.

BY L. AUGUSTUS JONES. Author of "The Ashleys," "The Golden Lion," "The Beauforts," "The old House on the Hudson," &c., &c.

CHAPTER I. THE HALL-THE STRANGER. "We're going to have a storm," growled the master of Berkeley Hall, as he paced to and fro in front of the old stone mansion. ooking up ruefully at the mass of murky clouds that were gathering above him, and listening with displeasure to the wind as it

wailed mournfully amid the leafless trees in the park. "Darn it, I never made up my mind to 30 out on any particular day in my life, but it was sure to rain-never! I wonder if it rained when I was born? I expecthere was a devilish big squall."

Perhans it will rain when I die: if it don't they'll have a shower when they're on the way to the grave with me, I'm sure. Old Dick Berkeley couldn't leave Berkeley Hall but what it will rain—rain—rain—ha!

"What are you laughing at?" inquired a handsome, black-eyed girl, (who had approached unobserved,) laying her hand on

"Laughing! Was I laughing, you young rogue? Ah! let me see—so I pect my nephew here to-day, and I intended to ride down to the village and meet him; but this storm will prevent me, and he will have to find his way alone."

"But I might go," exclaimed the fair girl cently: "Pomp can saddle Lightfoot, and T will soon be ready! I don't care about he storm, and I would like very much to be Captain Berkeley's guide; it would be so omantic, you know.'

" You would like to be Sir Charles Berke ley's guide!" These words were hissed in per ear, and the proud daughter of Richard Berkeley swept past the startled girl with aughty trend; her costly robes trailing the "What mean you, shameless ground. ninion," she demanded, and her eyes flashed as she contronted her.

"Has my father no male servants to do nis bidding; or do you wish to show your brazen face to my cousin ere he arrives at the Hall? Wench! I blush for you, if you have no modesty yourself! Methinks Sir Charles would think himself highly ionored, should we send a waiting maid to scort him hither. Don't stand glaring at me with your gipsy black eyes. Go at once my chamber, and be ready to dress my bair when I come. Dream of romance there!" She waved her jeweled hand imperiously, and the terrified girl departed,

reening bitterly. "By Jove! you have almost broken ber eart," said the old gentleman, as he gazed after the weeping girl. "You are too asty, too passionate, Blanche; and I have a great mind to be angry with you. I am positive May meant no harm, and I

words were spoken reproachfully. "I intend that she shall know her place nd keep it," replied the haughty girl. She is my waiting maid, and if she dare disobey me I will discharge her from my ervice, and she must find another home where she can be happier, and another mistress who will exchange places with her ccasionally. I am mistress of Berkeley Hall, and I have a mind to bid her depart

"Indeed, Mistress Berkeley," sneered he old man, really angered at her lack of eeling. "You may be mistress; but darn my buttons if Dick Berkeley isn't the master! Tell her to go, and I'll counermand the order—if I don't, may I break my neck at the next fox hunt. 'I am monarch of all I survey; my right there is one to dispute.' My quotation will apply well in this case, I fancy. Ha! ha! ha!

You didn't imagine I was familiar with he poets, did you?"
The cheeks of the proud girl crimsoned vith rage, and while she bit her lip to conceal her mortification, her fingers work nervously amid the folds of hersilken robe. She made no reply, but gazed down at the

ground, stamping spitefully on the grass with her foot. "Listen to me," resumed the old gentleman, authoritively. "My brother's son, Sir Charles Berkeley, is coming here, and I shall expect you to conduct yourself like sensible girl in his presence. He is a Captain of the Royal Guard, and he has just eight years my senior. Now I am eighteen returned from India. He detests fashionable fripperies, furbelows, and flummeries, and is in many respects like his Uncle Dick : God bless him for that! I want him

and he is twenty-six. I hated him then to feel proud of his cousin Blanche."

The young lady smiled. She manifested more interest in her futher's words. was standing.

"When you are presented, I don't wish you to enter the room enveloped in satin and lace, and loaded down with all the family wels; for he wouldn't like that. March in ust as sensible girls do in America; without any affected show, plainly, though neatly dressed; and as you extend your hand, say: How do you do, cousin Charlie?' He'll like that. Any good natured, sensible person likes it. That's the Yankee custom . although there is a class of people in the land of Brother Jonathan, called 'Codfish Aristocracy, 'who attempt to ane all the fools in John Bull's doininion, thereby rendering themselves ridiculous to every per son who is fortunate enough to possess United States, and although I love Old

Selected Poctru.

Yankee's hand, and his honest, 'Howd'ye "Then you think the American people possess accomplishments superior to our

"No, I didn't say that! I won't acknowledge it, either. I am half Yankee, myself, you can detect it in my speech—everybody does. I said I liked the Yankee grip, and their honest, 'how d'ye do;' that's what falling. Let us go in." The master of Berkely Hall walked

slowly up the walk to the mansion, while everything more desolate Blanche followed closely behind him with queenly tread. What a contrast between father and child. A plainly attired man without a particle of false pride, and a bold girl, dressed like a princess, scorning all who were not her equal in birth and station. Richard Berkeley often wondered why his daughter was so much different from all the rest of the family; wondered why she inherited none of the gentleness of that mother who died in giving her birth.

when they entered the hall. "You must be kind to May, hereafter; I will not have her abused. When you wish to discharge her, inform me of your decision. Remember what I have said." He left her, and entered the library, while Blanche tripped lightly up the stairs to her chamber. She found May sitting by the window, gazing with tear-dimmed eyes at the black storm louds, as the wind drove them across the osom of the sky. Her hands were clasped together, and her lips moved as if in prayer, Her attitude was expressive of grief and dejection; and Lady Blanche looked at her scornfully for many moments ere she ad-

dressed her.
"What are you moping there for?" she inquired.

May started. "Did you speak, mistress?" "Yes; I asked why you were moping

"I am not moping, I was looking at the dark storm clouds, and wondering if beyond them there is a home of peace for the proken-hearted, a place where the weary spirit can find eternal rest. Do you think there is, mistress?" "I am sure I don't know; come and dress my hair. Put down the windows; I

am afraid the draught of air will give me a

Blanche reclined languidly on a sofa, while May proceeded to obey her order. "Yes; there is rest, eternal rest in Heaven," she murmured half aloud: "the soul within us longs for something that cannot be found on curtif; and we must seek it beyond the grave-undying love, immortality-everlasting life, peace and

How strange and solemn these words sounded to Blanche: but they found no responsive echo in her proud heart, where all he holiest feelings slumbered in darkness.

"Mistress; I am dressing your hair for the last time," said May mournfully; and hed migers trembled as they plaited the shining braids. "What mean you, girl," inquired

"I am going away." l where are you "I know not where I shall find a home shall seek it among strangers. I am young and strong, and I will not be deendent on any person. I am going where shall be treated with kindness. "Are you not used kindly here?"

"I am not, mistress," replied May with rmness. "You, and you alone abuse me; I have determined to bear your taunts no longer: I shall leave Berkeley Hall to-

"Very well: I think I can find another vaiting maid without much trouble, although, I must acknowledge you dress my hair better than any girl I have ever

May had always been her attendant sinc she was twelve years of age. When they were both children, Mrs. Laramie, the French governess took care of them. No person but the two mentioned ever fingerl Blanche Berkeley's glossy bair. "Have you told my father you ar

going ?" "No, mistress; I have not: I-"You may go and tell him now: he i alone in the library. Matters better be settled before my cousin arrives. You

may go now." May paused a moment, thinking what she would say. Having collected sufficient firmness to sustain her through the inter view, she moved towards the door. She paused just as she bad laid her hand on the knob, for above the howling of the storm, loud voices could be heard without, mingled with the clatter of horses hoofs, and the harsh grating of wheels on the pebbly road. "Sir Charles has arrived," exclaimed

Blanche, and she ran to the window to gaze out. May was soon beside her. There stood the carriage, splashed with mud, with the strangers trunk strapped on behind ; the fiery steeds pawing the ground as though impatient to dash away again the servants shouting and bawling as they nastened to and fro; while the rain fell in torrents, and the wind swept in fitful gusts

about the Hall, rattling the shutters clam-In the midst of all this tumult and ex itement, a young man wearing the uniform of "The Guards," sprung from the carriage, exclaiming as he ran up the steps 'How are you, Uncle Richard? Don' come out in the rain!"

Blanche and May had caught a glimpse f his face, and Blanche said as the carriage rolled away, "He is very handsome, isn's "I think he is," replied her companion

quietly. "Now assist me to dress; for I am anx ious to go down and see this mighty champion who has been in several buttles When I saw him last I was but twelv years of age, and he was a tall boy, with arge hazel eyes, curling chestnut hair

wonder if I shall bate him now?" "I hope not, mistress." "Well, we shall soon see, said the vai beauty, as she looked at her form in the large venitian mirror, before which she

" How do I look, May?"

" Queenly, my lady." pearl nocklace, and the tiara of diamonds that belonged to my mother; but my father said I must not wear any of the family

jewels. How bateful be is at times." May made no answer, but turned to the window, gazing out sorrowfully, thinking now soon she would bid adieu to the home that had been hers for many years; the bome where every object on which she chanced to gaze bore the look of an old

amiliar friend. Blanche glanced once more at her dress to make sure everything was in order then she glided towards the door, saying as

The door closed behind her, and May heard the rustle of the costly silk as the imperious girl fluttered down the stairs. "Every one is happy but me," she murmured; "but I am all alone in the world. How dreary and dark is life when the heart has nothing to love." She bowed I said. I'll-bless my heart; the rain is her head and wept; while the wind whistled shrill about the casements, and the dull gentle voice even now-in my dreams she patter of the rain drops on the glass made

> CHAPTER II. THE MEETING IN THE LIBRARY—JEALOUSY. When Blanche entered the library, her cousin rose to receive her, and he was pleased, (as her father had said he would be) when his fair relative went up to him.

> do you do, cousin Charles? you are welcome at Berkeley Hall." "Thank you, thank you, cousin Blanche; it is a long time since we met. I remember well how you looked when I saw you last; you was a little girl, with short curls hanging on each side of your cheeks, and I was an awkward boy, just hareful enough to tease you all the time. Many a quarrel we had, didn't we? How changed you are-how lovely you have grown; while I have become old in early manhood. I am bronzed by the burning sun in distant climes; scarred and disfigured by sabre

saying, as she extended her hand: "How

These words were spoken tremulous and low, and Blanche noticed the shadow of inclancholy that overspread his features. He parted the hair that clustered thickly on his brow, saying, "That scar came from a sabre cut; and I brush my hair down into my eyes to hide it sometimes.' Blanche shuddered as she looked at it.

cuts-and my heart has lost all its former

"An ugly looking mark, isn't it coz? he said, smiling. "Yes," she replied, "it is." "And still I am proud of it," said the young officer: "it looks better there than it would on the back of my head."

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared his uncle: "that's a good one, Charlie, my boy; always face the music! Darn my buttons! I'm proud of you. Bless my soul; you're a Berkeley every inch of you-back of the head-ha ha! ha! May I break my neck at the next fox hunt if I don't tell old Wellington what Blanche and her cousin were forced to

gentleman's mirth seemed infectious. Blanche sat down beside her cousin, and when Sir Richard's boisterous mirth subsided, she inquired, "How is uncle Henry, and my aunt ?" " My father enjoys excellent health, but

my mother is ill. They are both at Brighton, but I intend to meet them in London when I go to join my regiment." "And how long will you stay with us?" "Five or six days: I cannot stay longer,

although I might wish to, for my time is not my own." What an ulipleasant Ino you lead: I should choose any profession rather than be a soldier." "I love the soldiers life, consin Blanche. We have cares, trials, sorrows, dangers,

and disapointments to meet the same a ther men, but we have our joys and pleasures besides: true, we may have a multitude of perils to encounter, death may menace us on every hand more often than t does others who have chosen peacefu ocations, but if we full, there is something glorious in the words. He died like a hero, fighting for his Country."

"Bravo," chimed in Sir Richard, clap ping his hands, "Glorious privilege! That's where men have the advantage of women Darn my buttons! I think I would prefer dying for my country to breaking my neck Charles Berkeley frowned. His uncle

was carrying the joke too far he thought. "Charge, Chester charge! On, Stanley on! Marmions last words, so Scott says. 1 am familiar with the poets, you see,

"You have written some yourself haven't you, uncle Richard?" "When I was young I scribbled some. I wrote Sonnets Madrigals and Love Ballads. You shall see a volume of my poems before you leave us, but you must promise me you won't laugh at the author.' Laugh—I certainly shall not; I promis-

Sir Richard suddenly became meditative ne forgot his guest altogether; for youthful emories had been awakened. Blanche was silent, and an embar pause ensued. Charles went to the window, looked out

moment at the dreary prospect which was ning suddealy around he said abruptly, "There was another little girl here when I was at the Hall long ago: where is she "Do you mean May Wallace, the gipsy

voman's daughter? she is my waiting maid now." "Waiting maid!" He repeated her words

"Certainly; there is nothing strange He did not wait for her to finish the sentence, but interupted her by saying, I thought she was a gentleman's daughter I am sure I could detect nothing vulgar in her manner when she was a child, and time nust have improved her. I thought she was a companion of yours-an equal." Blanche did not like the manner in which ie inquired about May, and she would loubtless have said something to injure er, had Sir Richard been absent : fortuna

ely he had been listening, and he spoke anfully in May's behalf. "I didn't tell you about May, did I," he xelaimed, brightening. "I would have old you when you was here before; but I uppose it slipped my memory : no matter,

A sigh escaped Sir Richard's lips, long lrawn, and convulsive, as though it came struggling up from among olden memories that clustered around his heart, and ther

"The Lady Madeline died when Blanch was born; I suppose you know that, "Yes; my father told me when I was child.'

"When she died, her babe was given to a gipsy woman whose name was Wallace. Her husband was connected with a roving band who wandered about the country and he was seldom at home. They lived in a small cottage that stood on the of my laud, and the gipsy paid his rong actually at the end of every quarter. Mrs. Wallace was an intelligent possessing accomplishments that were foreign to her associates; accomplishment that few can boast of. She had a hatred for the gipys, and she tried in vain to get her husband to leave them, and shandon his worthless profession, but he would not: he was bound by a solemn oath, and he did window to conceal her vexation. "Where

not dare to break it. Mrs. Wallace had a babe: it was born two inquired with a sneer.

England best, I love the hardy grip of a she went out, "You may put everything in days before Madeline's, and my child was order, May; when your work is done you given her to nurse; my family physician can have the remainder of the day to your-left to take care of the mother and the two infantș. After Madeline was laid in her grave. I resolved to 20 to America for

Berkeley Hall was lonely to me. Every object on which I gazed seemed to remind me of the gentle being who had made my home so happy. She was the sunlight and joy of my existence; and when she died, darkness was around me, and my heart died within me. In memory I can hear her stands before me, robed in spotless white, with angel smiles upon her pure brow; and when I am sitting alone in this dim old library, in my arm chair, when youthful visions are dancing before my eyes, and the twilight is deepening around me,

my head, just as it used to when she would say lick, are you tired?"."

Richard Berkeley's voice sounded. nuskir: his emotion choked his utterance, in several moments clapsed before he

I fancy she is with me; I start to my feet

somet mes, thinking her hand is resting on

"Den't think me foolish, Charles, for I am growing old and childish: I cannot hide my fe-lings as I could in my youth." The young officer sympathized with his incle-he pitied him for he knew the old man's grief was sincere, and unmingled

with affectation. uncle Richard," he said kindly; "and memo. y'slingers ofttimes makes sad music on our heart strings. Go on with your story; I am imputient to hear more about

the little gipsy." "There remains but little to tell, Charlie. I went to America, leaving baby Blanche with Mrs. Wallace. I was absent two years, and when I returned I hastened nome to see my child. Singular as it may appear, I couldn't tell which of them was mine when they were both led in to me, dressed in neat, white short gowns, with black hair curling about their faces, and their roguish eyes looking up in mine. When ushered into her presence I began to Mrs. Wallace laughed when I asked, apologize for the sorry plight I was in,

Which of these black little gipsies is " 'This one,' she replied, pointing to the e who stood nearest. 'This is Blanche.' Well, I took Blanche home with me, and after passing a pleasant hour, I de-I tried to amuse her in every conceivable manner, but in vain. I had to send her back again to Mrs. Wallace. I called every day to see her, sometimes staying the whole afternoon, until at last the children began to love me. I made them presents laugh in spite of themselves; for the old of toys nearly every time I visited the cottage, and all their timidity vanished: they would go with me without hesitation, and cry if a day passed without their seeing me. Three months passed away. One afternoon Mark Wallace, the gipsy, came to the Hall and told me his wife was dying. Together we hastened to the cottage, but she was dead when we arrived. The

coroner came-physicians were summon-Wallage died with disease of the heartthis was the verdict of the coroner's jury. Mrs. Vallace was buried beside Madeline she streps. The gipsy left little May with me. 'Take good care of her until I return :'

these were his last words at parting. Eighteen years-no, I am wrong. Sixteen years have passed since I saw him last, and I have endeavored to do my duty waiting for his coming. May is a girl he will be proud to own if ever he comes t claim her." "Then you have not heard from him

since he went away, uncle Richard?" "Not a word: he is dead I think." "Doubtless," said Charles Berkeley houghtfully. "Would you like to see her? Shall

send for her. Charles?" "I would like to see her: I wonder if sl will remember me." Sir Richard was about to ring, when Blanche exclaimed hastily, "I will call her! she is at her work, and I hope cousin Charles will excuse my absence for a short time: I wish to fix her up so that she will appear respectable, at least. / Don't be im-

patient, you shall see her soon;" and Blanche left the apartment. "I wonder why he is so anxious to se her, the low-born, vulgar thing," exclaime the haughty girl; and jealousy, mingled with rage, flashed from her dark eyes, as with hasty step she ascended the stairs that

led to the floor above. Blanche opened the door suddenly causing | having a garden filled with flowers in front May to start. As she looked up, some thing fell from her hand. Blanche darted forward and caught up. Her face was livid with rage as she the "Great Metropolis" to suit any person

scized the frightened girl by the arm, and she shook her fiercely, exclaiming, " How came you to have this, wench? Have you broken open my escritorio? Did you intend to rob me of my dead mothers miniature when you leave Berkeley Hall? Speak minion! Is your tongue paralyzed?" "No mistress; you frighten me. I did

not think it any harm to look at the picture. I have often done so before." "You wished to steal it, girl! you hav

and as you are going away, you thought to talle it with you. Why this confusionand why did you start like a detected thief if your intentions were honest, dropping the miniature the very moment I entered? your person shall be searched, strictly

doubt not but what your theft has been the spirit within is trying to pierce the unarge." known space beyond, and read the mysbursting into tears "I only wished to look | are slightly arched-the torehead broad at it a little while, and then I would have and high, with wavy locks clustering put it back again. Have I not had charge around it-the nose slightly Roman in its of your purse, and your jewels for years; and have I ever stolen anything from you? You hate me, Blanche Berkeley, and yet you have no cause. I am innocent-I defy you to accuse me of one single deed that will bring the blush of shame to my cheek ! I scorn the accusation you have made, and no language could express my contempt

for my accuser. Steadfast and firm was the innocen girl's gaze, and the haughty maiden quail "Perhaps I am mistaken," she faltered: "I may have been too hasty. Sir Richard

bade me summon you. He wishes your presence in the library. "Is your cousin with him," May asked. "Yes; and as it is my wish that he may not be ashamed of you, I give you the privilege of selecting a dress from my wardrobe. I trust you may make a goo election, and not array yourself in queenly robes, thereby rendering yourself ridiculous, and perhaps making me blush for your vulgar taste."
"You shall have no cause to blush, lady

desire to exhibit myself in fashionable attire." Blanche bit her lips, and turned to the

Blanche," replied May: "I shall wear a plain white muslin dress, one that I pur-

mistress," replied May; "but I earn far more than I receive.". "You are a saucy wench," returned

Blanche, and I disgrace myself talking to one so low! Dress yourself, and come down without delay : do you hear ?" "I am not deaf," May answered, hughng; and Blanche, now fully enraged, dashed from the chamber, fearing to trust her.

inger any longer. "Oh! the hateful, low thing! How dare she answer me thus," exclaimed Blanche, pausing ere she descended the stairs, to

give vent to her rage.
""Tis my fathers fault; for he is continually petting her and making her costly presents. She must leave Berkeley Hall, and I will give him no rest until he promises to send her away: both of us cannot live under the same roof." She ran down the stairs, her costly robe rustling behind her, and when she entered the library her face was wreathed with

Charles looked up, inquiring, "Isn't May coming? Did you-tell her I was hero, cousin Blanche?"

Blanche frowned. 'She will be here presently," she replied; "but if I had known you was insuch haste to see her, I would have brought her with me, covered with dust and dirt as she was."

This reply did not please the young officer over much. He looked sharply at his cousin a moment, and then said with considerable spirit; "She would have been none the less welcome. The warmest, the most cordial welcome that I ever received, was from the Countess of Landsmere, after returning from a long ride, spattered with mud from head to foot. I was the bearer of important disputches from the Count, and I did not intend to present myself until I had changed my garb. Her ladyship, having heard of my arrival, at once sent a messenger after me. I accompained him home without delay. but she interapted me by saying: 'You are a soldier, and your excuses are not needed. Welcome, Captain Berkeley!' She bade me sit down, and rang for refreshments: parted. She had no false pride, and I have none either, thank God? May would be as welcome to me, covered with dust and satin and costly laces. I am plain Charlie shoulders, than I would be in the uniform of a common soldier. Oh! uncle Dick.

what fools people sometimes make o "Yes," answered the old gentleman that's a fact." Bobby Burns wrote:

"What though on homely fare we dine,
Wear hooden gray an "that:
Gre loois their silies, an'knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!"
"Now I don't say every person who wears silk is a fool, nor is a man a knave because he drinks wine; but the rhyme is appliable oft times. I'm familiar with the poets, you see. May I break my neek at the next fox hunt if I don't think you'll like May; the little think? She lead, the art young girls are at her ago; but I'll wager ten pounds against five, she has the kindest heart, and the sweetest smile of any girl in the country."

Wordsworth writes thus:

"Her eyes like stars of twilight fair, lake twilight's, too, her dusky hair A dancing sprite, an image gay, To maint, to startle, to waylay." " Look out, my boy! She will steal your affections without your knowing it; and you can't help loving her, do what you will. Do you know I sometimes think she looks like Madeline; gentle, loving Madeline who is in heaven."

There was a low rap on the door, and Sir

Richard whispered as he passed his nephew to open it, "Watch her close, and see if she hasn't the family likeness." Blancho heard the words, although they vere not intended for her ear. Her cheeks nated, and her lins guivered as though a sharp pain had touched her heart. A sigh scaped her, and then she turned her flashing eyes upon Charles Berkeley who

vas awaiting May's appearance.

CHAPTER III. THE YOUNG AUTHOR-A GALLANT DRED. There stands a neat little cottage, almost idden from the travelers gaze, beside the road that leads from Hampton to London, of it, a high hedge enclosing it around. A quiet, pleasant, retired spot, just far enough away from the bustle and dan of who loved the beauties of Nature better than the gilded pomp and gorgeous display of wealth, or the sickening scones of wretchedness and misery that one is forced to behold in the busy thoroughfares of London.

A high-barred gate opened on the roadside, and a narrow walk, strewn with pebbles, and bordered on either side with boxwood, led to the house. The cottage front was covered with ivy up the eaves; while around the rustic porch, clustered in confusion, morning glories; climbing roses; often heard me say the diamonds with and honeysuckle; all entwining their deli-which it is studded were of great value; cate tendrils together as they clambered up the columns, or hung downward in fes-

toons, gracefully, about the entrance. A young man is standing in the parlor before one of the open windows. He is gazing up at the clear unclouded sky above him, and there is a dreamy look in the searched previous to your departure; I depths of the large dark eyes, as though cast-the mouth delicately curved and expressing firmness-the chin small and round as a girls. The wide collar is unbuttoned at the throat, and thrown back, exposing the round white neck, while the black silk 'kerchiet is tied in a large bow. the ends hanging carelessly down, giving Arthur Melville is twenty-one years o age; twenty-one on this bright summer

orning when he is introduced to the reader. He is an author; and already his first "Novel" has been published. received some severe; very severe criticisms from reviewers, who had read a page here and there when it first "came out," but the book sold well, and his published issued a second edition. cho commented on his first work, but he

sat down to write again, saying to himself. "The book has been published—it has sold well-and why shall not another? Critics are a poor, snarling pack, at best; and ence by raking amid the productions of thing that they may condemn. When young author's first work is published, they gather about like a drove of halffamished rats, grawing and squealing around the prize, and after mutilating what they cannot understand, they crawl back

"From the lady Blanche Berkeley, my public to pass sentence on my works, and from London. Arthur took up his valise I am content with the verdict they render, They read, and they can best tell what pleases them. What a low, sneaking set these half-starved critics are! Ha! ha! ha! I would not wish to be one of them!"

> So Arthur Melville sat down and wrote again; wrote through March. April. Mav. and June, and on the 10th of June, his birthday, he rolled up his MSS., for he was A man came running towards him at full ready to start for London with it.

"Father in Heaven! grant me success for I trust in Thee," exclaimed the youth as he gazed upward. "I am poor and friendless; but I go forth knowing Thou art with me. Thou hast given me these high desires, these immortal longings: Thou hast filled my heart with a wild, burning thirst for fame; and oh! grant that my dreams may be realized! When this form is slumbering in the cold grave, may my name still live when I am gone.

How fervently this prayer was uttered: and the dark eyes still looked up to heaven, while the hands were clasped firmly on the heaving breast where thrilling emo-"Dreaming again, my boy; dreaming

again." said a gentle voice beside him He turned quickly. "No, not dreaming, mother: I was pray

"Praying, Arthur; for what?" "Praying for God to grant me success oraying that He might guide me, and guard me while I struggled and toiled for me-praying that my name may live when this poor body is mouldering away to dust. I always ask His aid, His blessing whenever I undertake anything." 'That is right, my son! God never for-Arthur Melville bent down and kissed

his motherscheek. said kindly, "and I hope you will live to be proud of me."

I am proud of you now, my son!" Her looks confirmed her words, "But you shall be prouder still, mother dear," he exclaimed hopefully. "I shall rise above my fellow-men! Something within me tells me this. I will toil and study hard until I win wealth honor, and fame! I will laugh at the cares of life-I will trample beneath my feet all its disappointments-and armed with an ambition that adversity cannot crush, with Hope pointing me onward with her magic wand, I will climb Fame's high mount, Berkeley; no better with epaulettes on my and Her trumpet voice shall herald forth my name unto an admiring world."

"God grant it may be so, Arthur; but you know not what a weary struggle is pefore you. Youth is full of bright hopes; and Life's pathway seems strewn with flowers. When we have grown old we can look back into the past through memory's glass and see the graves where our early hopes lie buried—we can see the flowers withered and dead by the wayside—we can feel the thorns rankling and festering in our aching hearts. Few, very few, my son, ever say at the end of Life's pilgrimage, I have accomplished all L desired my brightest hopes are real sed, and L did content."

"True, mother; but many faint by the wayside. The first great sorrow or disntment crushes them, and they strucgle no more. There are some brave hearts that misfortune cannot crush; some mighty minds that triumph over all that oppo them, and such a heart, such a mind is mine: nothing can make me yield but death."

A proud smile curled the thin lip, and the fire of ambition glowed in the depths of his dark eyes while he spoke. Mrs. Melville smiled: it was a proud smile, such as is seen only on a mothers lips, when she gazes with admiration on an only son, while he speaks of the brilliant destiny that awaits him in the future.

Mother and son were both silent for several moments. Arthur glanced at his watch. "It is time for me to start if I intend each London to-night," he remarked. "Has Lydia washed my linen coat?" "Yes; I will bring it to you;" and she left the room.

Mrs. Melville soon returned. He took the cout, threw it carelessly ov his arm, put on his bat, and then said: Now for London! Is my MSS, in my "Yes; I put it in very carefully myself."

Arthur put on his hat and began to pace

to and fro.

"Good-bye, mother! I shall not be abent over three days." "Good-bye, my dear boy!" sobbed the old lady. He stooped and kissed her; then taking his valise, he left the cottage. Mrs. Melville watched him as he strode down the pebbly path—she saw the gate close be

hind him-and then the hedge hid his manly form from view. "May God bless him!" murmured the fond mother as she turned from the window. "He is like his father-so full of life and ambition—so manly—so fearless—so beautiful."

With a rapid step the young author went on his way. His heart was filled with hope, and joyous anticipation, and although he had nearly twenty miles to walk ere he reached the great and bustling city, the distance did not seem long to him. He was a lover of Nature; and his gaze rested adniringly on every beautiful object that adorned his path. To his ear there was music in the murmuring streamlet and the vhispering breeze; and every hill, each grassy vale that he passed, seemed gemmed ith radiant glories, fresh and pure from the Creators hand. The birds were singing sweetly-the sun shone brightly down; he bosom of the blue sky was clear, and unclouded-while afar off, as mile after nile was passed could be heard the murmur that arose from the great city. The sun went down amid the gorgeous mass of purple and golden clouds that skirted the vestern horizon, and the twilight was fast view, when Arthur sat down on a fragment of broken rock by the roadside to rest his vearied limbs. For nearly an hour he sat, lost in meditation, and the stars came out on the bosom of the sky, the moon arose and Arthur Melville heeded not the flight of time, for his mind was wandering in dreamland, far away, while enchanting visions charmed his mental gaze. Dream-land! Glorious dreamland! What fairy scenes we oft times behold while dwelling there; what happiness and joy is ours while we in imagination stray amid its flowery paths; but the awakening bids our joys to vanish, our hopes to depart, and we sigh when they are gone. Oh! how bliss other men's brains, trying to find some- ful it would be, could the weary heart forget in this fantastic realm allits bitter woes and sorrows, and dwell forever there, to wake no more. Life's dreams, like life itself must end.

Arthur was aroused from his reverie by the rumbling of wheels on the hard road. do you get money to buy dresses," she to their holes again to watch for another He started to his feet and listened. A of the human race, commonly called genvictim. I leave the intelligent reading carriage was approaching; it was coming

and started on his way. He had proceeded but a short distance when loud shouts greeted his ear, and the cry of, "Murder! Help! Thieves!" was heard, and the vehicle suddenly came to a halt.

"Some poor traveler is attacked by highwaymen," exclaimed the youth; and throwing his value from him, he started in the direction from which the sound came. speed, and as soon as he beheld Arthur, he cried, "Hasten-for God's sake! They are killing my master and mistress!"

"Back with me, coward!" exclaimed Arthur. "Here; I have two pistols-take this one and use it!" The man grasped the weapon, and turned

back without hesitation. "Help! Help!" The cry was fainter than before.

As Arthur neared the spot where the carriage stood, he saw a villainous looking ruffian holding in the terrified and spirited

"Fire at that fellow!" he exclaimed. His companion leveled his weapon and fired. The shot took effect; for the villian let go his hold on the bridal, and ran off, velling, "I am wounded! I am wounded! Run, Bill-for there's help comin'-let go the old man an' save yer neck!" The villian who was intent on robbing

the travelers, heeded not his companion's warning, and in a moment Arthur Melville was upon him. Grasping the villain by the collar he dragged him backward out of the carriage, and placing the muzzle of the pistol to his ear, he demanded: "Who are you? Down on your knees, and remain there until I tie your hands! If you stir, or make an attempt to escape, I'll blow your brains out."

"Let me have the pistol, young man," said a gentleman who sprung from the carriage. "I'll stand guard over the scoundrel while you secure him. I know not how to thank you for your timely aid. If I had not been a fool, I would not have left London without my own weapons."

Arthur handed him the weapon. The coachman came up with a strap. "Let me fix 'im," said the stout fellow. "I'll buckle 'im up so 'e can't move his 'ands. Steady, my fine fellow; stendy; gi' me t'other arm if 'ee please, till I make it fast be ind yer back. I was sheriff's man once, an' many a good lookin' gentleman I've tied in my day, ha'fore marchin' 'em to Newgate. There-now yer comfortable, an' if you'll be so hobligin' has to mount the box beside me, you shall ride wi' my master un'

earty cove?" "Up with him on the box without delay; for I must turn back and carry this villain to Newgute," said the gentleman; and then turning to Arthur; he inquired: "What is your name my brave youth?" " Arthur Melville." The gentleman started, and our hero

me to Lun'un. Won't that be nice, my

could see he was agitated. "Arthur Melville!" he repeated the name, gazing steadily at him. "Is your father living?" "My father died several years ago, in America. I have no one but my mother now."

"Ah!" He gazed down on the ground, and sighed heavily. "Where was you

going when my cries for assistance reache-

'I was on my way to London." "What-on foot?" "Yes sir; I have no other means of conveyance." The gentleman smiled. "You shall ride with me," he said: "jump in here besieve

"My valle is lying by the roadside a short distance from here: I threw it dov when I started to your assistance. I will get it and join you in a moment. The coachman by this time had assisted the surly highwayman up to the box, and the gentleman, who was waiting for Arthu: isked the lady in the coach if she was mucl

frightened?

hear no more.''

"Frightened! No more than you were," she replied curtly. "But who is this brave young man that came to the rescue? If he is poor, we must do something to better his

" His name is Melville, Arthur Melville; and he shall not be forgotten by me. "Melville! That name again! I hate he sound of it, for it has been the cause of all my misery. Speak it not again in my hearing, Lord Clifford, for I shall hate him

Hush, Agnes; say no more, for here he "Would to God I could hush the beating of my heart! Oh! I would give all-" "Silence!" he commanded fiercely, grasping her wrist as he spoke. "I will

The lady leaned back against the cushions

f you do; hate him whom I have no cause

and said no more; but her eyes flashed as she shook off her husband's grasp, and a nalf stifled moan escaped her lip: Arthur came up. Lord Clifford said in a ausky voice, "Young man, get in here He obeyed, and the driver cracked his

whip as he turned his horses heads towards

The Power of the Heart. Let any, while sitting down, place the left leg over the knee of the right one, and permit it to hang freely, abandoning all uscular control over it. Speedily it may e observed to sway forward and backward brough a limited space at regular intervals. Counting the number of these motions for any given time they will be found to agree with the beating of the pulse. Every one knows, that at fires, when the water from the engine is forced through bent hose, if the bend is a sharp one, considerable force necessary to overcome the tendency. Just so it is in the case of the human body The arteries are but a system of hose hrough which the blood is forced by the heart. When the leg is bent, all the arteries within it are bent too, and every time the heart contracts, the blood rushing through the arteries tends to straighten them; and it is this effort which produces the motion of the leg alluded to. Without such peculiar demonstrations, it is difficult to concoive the power exerted by that exquisito mechanism, the normal pulsations of which are never perceived by him whose very life they are.

The Human Stomach A lecturer, enlarging on the subject of iet, said recently: Soup, fish, flesh, oil, vinegar, wines, pastry, ices, confectionery, fruits, and minor ingredients of conflicting

chemical qualities, are among the materials thrown in. Stir these things together in a vessel, and which of us would not sicken at party they are all crammed into the stomach. here to ferment and generate pernicious derfully made. No other creature could exist on such diet. It would kill a gorilla in month. It does kill, though more slowly, thousands of that high and mighty variety